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Strengthen his hand with might,
 Lighten his soul with light,
 Pure from thy spring ;
 Stablish in truth his throne,
 Make all his cares thine own,
 Holiest, Mighty One,
 King of our king.

Great God of battles, hear,
 Bow down thy might, appear !
 Guard thou our king ;
 True be thy Word of words,
 Strong be thy Sword of swords,
 Mightiest, Lord of lords—
 God save our king.

How could thy people stand,
 Lord, if thy red right hand
 Judgments should bring ?
 Hide not, O ! Lord, thy face,
 Withdraw not, Lord, thy grace,
 Hear from thy dwelling place—
 God save our king.

And when the tempest's roar
 Thunders from shore to shore,
 Spread thou thy wing ;
 Safe 'neath its shadow we,
 Fearful, but sure, shall flee,
 Looking for help to Thee—
 God of our king.

Thus with the song of praise.
 For all her brightest days,
 Let Britain ring ;
 Thus for a bounteous share
 Of thine Almighty care,
 Let Britain breathe the prayer,
 God save our king.

J. S. M.

THE LOST ONE.

" This broken tale was all we knew
 Of her he loved and him he slew."—BYRON.

It was a cold winter's night, towards the close of the memorable year of 1798—the sky was resplendent with stars, and the clear, cold beams of the unclouded moon revealed with unusual distinctness the bold outline of that lofty mountain range, which skirts the village of —, in the county of Wexford, as a remnant of the rebel army, who had that day been defeated in a severe conflict with the king's troops, sought safety by concealment in the rocks and fastnesses of that wild district—some journeying in small detached groups, others wending their weary way silently and alone, fearful of every sound that fell upon the ear, and anxiously watching every cloud that gave the hope of coming darkness and consequent secrecy. At a short distance from one of those little hillocks or mounds of earth, called *raths*, usually planted with trees, and to which the peasantry attach so much veneration, close to which lay a quarry-hole of at least one hundred feet in depth, stood a miserable hut, situated so as to be scarcely visible to the passing traveller. In this hovel, eight or ten of these hapless beings had taken refuge: they were rude-looking, able-bodied men;—and as they sat around a large fire of turf and wood, each having beside him a pike or musket, and a wooden vessel, they presented no bad idea of the period

when war was the occupation of the inhabitants, and when every inch of the country was contended for with a mad determination, which often stained the hand with a brother's blood. Nearer the fire than the others sat a man, more advanced in years, and evidently of better condition in life, than any of those among whom he was at present placed. His thin and scattered grey locks, his dim and sunken eye, and his furrowed and wasted cheek, bespoke a long and melancholy tale of hardship and suffering.

Cautiously and noiselessly stealing along the narrow and devious path which led from the rath to this small cabin, appeared one whose crouching attitude and hesitating step, declared him of the vanquished party. His well-knit and muscular frame was exhibited to advantage, by a close jacket of grey cloth, bound round his waist by a black leather belt, to which hung something like a soldier's cartridge-box. In his right hand he grasped a pike, and on his left shoulder he balanced a musket, whose shining lock and barrel evidently showed that it had originally belonged to or been designed for a different character from the one who then carried it. As he approached the cabin, his step became free and active, and light as that of a maiden of fifteen. A few straggling rays of light, issuing from a round hole, half-filled with straw, directed him to a point of observation from whence he could, before demanding admittance, fully reconnoitre the party within. Having assured himself that all was right, he gently tapped at the door. Instantly there was a movement inside, as if of men catching up their arms; and a hoarse rough voice inquired, "Who's there?"

"A friend; 'tis I, O'Donnell. Let me in, Hourigan."

The door was at once opened, and the new-comer greeted in all the different phrases of acknowledgment and welcome.

"Arrah! Masther Pat, is id yersef afther all, safe an' sound?"

"Ethen, Sir, how did ye get away at all, at all, an' so many iv the boys havin' the cowl'd win' for their windin'-sheet, this blessed night?"

"How is every tether's lenth iv ye, afther the purshuin' ye got?"

"Och, thundher an' turf, what a fine bran new soger's gun you've got! More power to your elbow; an' sure if we had all leadhers like you, it wouldn't be the sorrowful story it is with us; it isn't this mud cabin ye'd be in, Masther Pat—Squire Martin's castle wouldn't be big enough for you. But the worse loock now, the betther another time."

"Here's to ye, Masther; an' may yer mother's son never want a frind—for ye're the right sort of a boy, any how."

Such were the greetings which marked the stranger's entrance; but by none was he regarded with that intensity of interest which the old man manifested—who fixing his eyes upon him, with a wild and abstracted gaze, said, "You have come to see me—or Mary, is it?—ha, ha!" and he laughed wildly. "You may go home, Mr. O'Donnell; she's not here you came to see. She's gone with an officer—ha, ha! You'll never see her more, Mr. O'Donnell—neither will her ould father—she left us both, Mr. O'Donnell"—and he relapsed into his listless and lethargic mood.

O'Donnell's dark brows knit into a gloomy frown, as the wild and unconnected ravings of insanity recalled to his mind images of fair hopes, now blasted and for ever, and the recollection of happiness, ruined by her who had been the object of his heart's trust—his soul's idolatry! Suddenly turning aside, and by an inward yet visible struggle overmastering his rising emotions, he asked one of the by-standers, "How long is the fit on him? He was sensible before the soldiers attacked us."

"He was indeed, Sir," the man replied; "but whin Seymour's min cum up, an' whin he seen the captain, he got bad intirely; an' he's the same way ever since."

O'Donnell having muttered something to himself, again assumed his usual light and reckless bearing; and fixing his eyes upon a fat, red-faced little man who was busily engaged in pouring out liquor from a jar into a wooden vessel, he exclaimed, "Hallo, Corny! how came it, that you didn't welcome me after my long run, which some who know me not might say did more honour to my speed than to my courage?"

"Why thin, indeed, it was I that did wilcome ye, Masther Pat," replied Corny, coming forward, "an' *caedh mille fealtha*; though maybe ye didn't hear me. But, sure an' sartin, you'll be afther takin' the laste taste in life iv the crathur, jist to keep yer heart warm frum the cowl'd night air."

"At the old trade still," said O'Donnell, taking the vessel, and gulping down a portion of the contents. "Never mind, boys; every dog has its day, and our turn comes next. May bad luck and ill fortune attend the cowardly scoundrels who first showed their backs; had they but stood their ground a little longer, the day was our own. But where did you make out so good a drop of the native?"

"Where did we make it out, is it, Masther Pat?" said he of the ruddy countenance. "Sure, afore we got into the scrimmage, at all, at all, myself remembered iv this snug, cozy, little cabin; an' what does I do, but I hides in one iv the ould walls as good an' as sweet a dhrop iv the darlind, as iver was med without the help iv the guager, (bad loock to 'em all, seed, breed, an' gination, iver an' always, I pray, amin.) Well, Sir, as I was sayin', whin the sogers biggened to skiver the boys with their bagnets, and whin myself sees ivery mother's son iv 'em runnin' an' scamperin' as hard as iver they could lay a leg anundher 'em, sure I bethinks myself iv the comfortable little dhrop I lift ahint me; an' so I gother together as many iv the lads as I could, to take one taste afore the sogers 'ud catch us, bad' win to 'em. But, whisht—what's that? May I niver die till the breath laves my body, iv it's not some-body else that wants to get in."

"Who is there?" inquired the man who had challenged O'Donnell.

A female voice, low, sweet, and plaintive, in the imperfect English of the peasantry, replied, "Let me in, for mercy sake; I'm cold an' shiverin'."

At the sound of the voice, the old man, whom his companions called 'Misther O'Brien,' started, and said wildly, "That reminds me of my own Mary. Ha! why do I call her mine;—she is another's—she is gone—lost—ruined!" and he then sank back in abstraction.

A female entered. Her tottering and hesitating step indicated weariness and fear; her countenance, which was partly concealed by her hair, as it fell in dishevelled tresses, was haggard and wan; and her whole appearance bespoke her one who had drained to the dregs the bitterest cup of human misery. The heart of the Irish peasant is ever open to the plea of wretchedness; and a place by the fire was instantly provided for the pitiable visitant. On entering, she drew around her head the tattered remnant of a cloak, so as almost totally to conceal her face, and crouching down in the chimney corner, in a low and faint voice observed, while by a motion of her hand she rejected the proffered draught of Corny's favourite beverage—"If ye be any of the *boys*, for heaven's sake take care of yerselves; the soldiers are in pursuit of ye—and cannot be far off."

"And if they find us," said O'Donnell, starting on his feet, "it shall be to their cost. Now, boys, for the work of blood!—but, first, swear here that not one of you will become prisoner to the ruffian Sassenaghs, while a spark of life remains to nerve an arm for liberty!"

"We swear!" exclaimed the men in one breath, determinedly grasping their weapons.

"Enough," said the leader; "we know the country, and the hireling crew may find us a match for them. Moran," he continued, addressing one of the men, "you are a light-footed, sharp-eared fellow, step out, and try if you can observe any signs of the bloodhounds;" and scarcely was the order given until it was obeyed.

"What officer, did you say, is commanding?" continued O'Donnell, turning to the female.

Hesitating a moment, in a low and faltering voice she replied, "His name is—Sey—Seymour."

"Ha! Seymour—Seymour, did you say?" cried O'Donnell, starting as though an adder had stung him. "Seymour—that cursed villain! Long have I tracked him; twice during the conflict did I follow him through fire and through blood—and twice in the press of the conflict he escaped me. But may all the saints in heaven forget me, if, when I again meet the false-hearted seducer of Mary O'Brien, I do not draw the life-blood from him."

"Who talks of my daughter?" said the old man, gazing inquiringly around, as the name awakened his slumbering thoughts. "She's not here—oh, no, no! I'll never see her more. Oh, Mary, Mary, why did you cast dishonour on my name—why did you go from your poor father's roof—why did you break the old man's heart."

He spoke the last words in a tone of the deepest sadness, which the wild gaze of insanity rendered still more heart-rending. Sobs from the female, who seemed much affected, interrupted him. He started—advanced eagerly towards her—laid his hand upon her shoulder, and asked, in a low voice, quivering with the intensity of his emotion, "Do you know her? did you see her? You weep; your voice is like hers. Ha, perhaps you are my own Mary, come back for a heart-stricken father's forgiveness. But, oh, no, no!—she was beautiful as the dawn; her eyes were bright; her cheeks were lovely as the morning; her mouth laughing; and she was the delight of the poor withered heart that's blasted now. How pale and haggard you are! Oh, no—you are not my daughter!" and the unfortunate man again sank back into his seat.

"Tundher an' turf, 'tis the sogers, sure enough, my curse light on them this day!" said the scout, entering in haste. "I hard 'em futtin' it up—they're not far off neither; and may the Virgin purtect us, for they're two to one odds iv us."

"Not a word, now," said O'Donnell, with a commanding gesture of his arm. "Every man to his duty; proceed silently and cautiously to the rath—the bushes will afford sufficient concealment—and lie down flat on your faces, having your arms ready. Never fear, we'll give the Sassenaghs a lesson they'll not soon forget."

Silently they obeyed his directions, and, one by one, departed from the cabin. O'Brien was mechanically following, when his arm was arrested by the strange female. She looked suspiciously around; and, finding herself alone with the old man, she said, "You spoke about your daughter, Sir—I know her; but oh, how changed she is. Bitter tears were hers, and sore and burning thoughts, and ceaseless misery, for the father she left behind, and him that loved her. But neither

tear nor heart-burning can remove such guilt and wretchedness. The deceiver that lured her from her peaceful home, promised her marriage, but, having ruined, abandoned her."

"Abandoned—ha, ha! abandoned!" cried the old man, and he laughed bitterly; "abandoned! ay, her own father. Sure, she's a fine brave officer's bride—ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed Mother!" cried the female, "he raves—he understands me not; and the guilty cause of all is——But, hush! there come the soldiers. I must save *him*!" and she hurried the old man out of the cabin.

The sides of the rath were covered with furze, and planted round with stunted thorns, each one of which concealed its man, ready to spring tiger-like upon his prey. Within the shelter of a thick clump of brambles, which grew close by, the female carefully placed O'Brien—and, seating herself so as to command a view of the whole extent around, without being in turn subjected to observation, awaited the result. Behind an ancient and bushy thorn, which fronted the pathway, she observed O'Donnell, carefully examining the flint and priming of his musket. His tall and muscular figure, his dark and determined countenance, the crouching and bandit-like postures of the men—some of whom lay extended close to the precipitous gulph formed by the quarry, whose frail and crumbling ledge threatened every moment to hurl the hardy adventurer into the profound and gaping chasm—their eager looks, and nervous grasping of their weapons—all were in accordance with the wild and Alpine character of the scene.

The sky, which had been before clear and starry, now lowered darkly; heavy masses of clouds drifted along, and obscured occasionally the moon's full orb, which now emitted but a dim and fitful ray. Not a sound broke upon the stillness of the night, save the half-suppressed breathing of the ambushed insurgents, and the steady, measured tramp of a small body of soldiers, which every moment grew louder. Again the moon partially emerged from the obscuring cloud, and revealed the glittering tops of the bayonets above the bushes on the heath; then appeared the polished frontlets of the military caps; and lastly the hostile body came full upon the view, moving in close file directly for the cottage. The gleaming light from the window appeared to have caught their eye, and to have increased their speed; and in a few minutes the hut was surrounded. The door was instantly burst open, and the officer, with three or four of his men, entered; but, finding it empty, they quickly rejoined their companions, murmuring and evidently disappointed at the escape of the inmates. After a short consultation, two or three of the party again entered; and in a few minutes the light within increased to a brilliant glow, discernible through the chinks and crevices of the roof; the dry thatch, from which the smoke rolled in dark and heavy masses, seemed to heave with the intensity of the devouring fire, which at length shot up in a brilliant spire of flame.

"Ha!" exclaimed the officer in command, "that will show us where the villains are concealed."

At that moment his tall and military figure appeared clearly defined in the red and lurid glare, as he stood about two paces in front of his little guard, and placed by his side the bulky serjeant, communicating some intelligence. O'Donnell had his musket levelled; the broad, full breast of the officer was before him; the very beatings of his heart were almost visible, as the light of the devastating flame fell strongly upon him: the eye which rarely deceived—the hand that seldom failed, had the deadly tube directed against its object. It seemed as though nothing

human could save the devoted victim. O'Donnell's finger was on the trigger.

"Curse the stupid wretch!" he muttered, as the portly serjeant protruded his unwieldy body before the person of his officer. "Ha! now he's clear again. Had he a thousand lives, he dies!" He fired. "Rot, then, thou vile bulky fool!" he exclaimed almost at the moment of discharge, observing the lifeless body of the unfortunate serjeant fall at the feet of his officer, whom he had been the involuntary means of preserving.

The officer, advancing, shouted, "That ball was designed for me. Poor Houghton!—but we will revenge him. Revenge for the murdered Houghton!" he cried. The cry was caught up by the soldiers, and re-echoed by the surrounding hills.

"Form a line," cried the captain; "present—fire!"

A few smothered groans from the bushes testified that the discharge had not been altogether without effect. Three shots from the rath answered the volley of the soldiers, each of which took effect—three men falling, badly wounded.

"Down lower, boys," said O'Donnell, in a voice scarcely audible, "and the fire will pass over you. Load quickly, and fire away—give them enough of it."

The last command was addressed to the three men who lay nearest to him, they, with himself, being those alone who had muskets.

"See—they fire; now, mind."

A second volley from the soldiers proved perfectly harmless, owing to the precautions taken by the insurgents, according to O'Donnell's directions.

"Now," cried the chief, "each select his man—fire!"

As before, each shot told, and three men fell—O'Donnell's passing through the officer's hat, scarcely a hair's-breadth from his head. Seymour whispered a word to the corporal, the only non-commissioned officer now with him; and then shouting, "Charge for England and King George!" with eight of the men, their bayonets screwed, rushed forward to the rath, while the corporal and a little party went off in another direction. Instantly O'Donnell and his men were on their feet; and from the lightness of the pike, and its peculiar formation, as well as from their position, they had decidedly the advantage over their opponents in close encounter. For a time, though many wounds were inflicted, none of either party fell in the contest. The soldiers, however, were beaten back; and O'Donnell and the English officer met face to face. The former having discharged his musket, had thrown it by as useless, and was armed only with his pike. Seymour had to trust entirely for defence to the steadiness of his hand and the temper of his sword. They stood apart from the rest of the combatants, who were hotly engaged lower down on the hill. In point of age and stature, the opponents seemed pretty equally matched—they were both in the prime of manhood; but the powerful and iron frame of the rebel chief gave more promise of triumph, than the less imposing figure of the officer. Earnestly and hatefully did they gaze on each other for a moment; the insurgent leader seeming as if he wished to concentrate in his fiery glance all the rage and vengeance which burned at his heart—while Seymour, casting back a haughty and contemptuous scowl, was intent only on watching the slightest motion of his adversary. Suddenly O'Donnell sprang forward on the bosom of his opponent—and, with his pike raised, would have put an end to the combat, but for the prac-

tised eye and well-trying skill of the latter. He parried the thrust, so that his arm was only slightly wounded by the pike. For a moment, O'Donnell's body was completely exposed; Seymour hazarded a lunge; but the rebel leader, perceiving his advantage, wheeled his pike rapidly round, and struck the sword into the air. The deadly weapon was now pointed at his breast, and an instant had been sufficient to stretch his hated victim at his feet. But the victor seemed to meditate a deeper revenge. Catching up the unfortunate officer in his powerful arms, he rushed with him to the verge of the precipice. Fearfully did the fated Seymour struggle to free himself from the iron grasp in which he was bound—but in vain. The stern features of the rebel were wrought into a grim and fiendish smile, which told the exultation of his heart, as he gazed on the cold and clammy moisture which started from his victim's forehead, and the intensity of fear by which his ghastly visage was distorted. He paused as he approached the edge of the abyss; and bending over his almost paralysed captive, he whispered into his ear, in low hissing cadences, "Seducer of Mary O'Brien, look upon her betrothed—and behold your doom!"

A convulsive shudder passed through the frame of the wretched man, as he beheld the fearful chasm that yawned beneath; and he made a mighty but ineffectual struggle to free himself from the fatal hold which his foe had upon him—it was nature's last effort in extremity. O'Donnell now relaxed his grasp, in order to swing his victim from him, who, he was fearful, might cling to him unless so disengaged; and while endeavouring to give impetus to the motion, he advanced one step onward. The impending ledge quivered like a willow—the frail footing gave way—and the seducer and avenger were precipitated headlong into the deep and terrific gulph.

A cry of horror burst from the female, which aroused the attention of the insurgents, who had been all this time fiercely engaged with the party whom Seymour had led, and the remnant of which they had just made prisoners. At this instant they were suddenly attacked in the rear by the little body which, in the early part of the fight, Seymour had despatched for the purpose, under the command of the corporal. A few shots in the direction of where she stood, forced the young woman to her lurking place, when she found O'Brien lying against the clump of branches near which she had placed him. He seemed much exhausted; and blood was running from a wound in his side. "Oh, God!" she exclaimed frantically, "you have been wounded—you will die! Oh, speak, if yet you can—speak, speak, and forgive——" Feeling overpowered utterance, while she hastily endeavoured to staunch the wound with her handkerchief. A few incoherent expressions died on the lips of the wretched maniac.

Both parties had now closed—the combat was short, but desperate. The rebels, unable at once to guard their prisoners and defend themselves, fell rapidly; but true to their oath, they sold their lives dearly, leaving many bloody and mutilated corpses upon the ground, the evidences of a most unflinching courage. One by one they sank, covered with wounds, till not a man remained to dispute the triumph of the assailants.

One of the soldiers, determined to avenge the death of his officer and so many of his comrades, on every one connected with the rebels, perceiving that the aged man still lived, brutally exclaimed, while presenting his musket, "Hallo, old croppy! I have one charge in—and here goes, just to put you out of pain."

"Oh, spare—in mercy, spare him!" shrieked the female; "he is old, and——"

"Stand back, woman!" muttered the hardened soldier, as he placed his finger upon the trigger.

"Oh, God of Heaven, forgive!—mercy!" cried the agonized being, as she threw herself before the old man.

The ruffian fired; and the ball pierced her bosom. "FATHER!" she faintly and plaintively uttered, as she fell at his feet, a blood-stained and lifeless corpse.

That sound, low though it was, and indistinct—so long unheard, and so grateful once to his aged ear—that single word recalled the wandering faculties of O'Brien; and he knelt by the side of the body. Suddenly the ardent spirits, which had been left within the hut, caught fire, and the blue flame arose from the burning embers of the roof, casting an air of haggard wildness upon those features so beautiful ere now, but upon which time and misery had made such brief and fearful ravages. The broken-hearted father gazed mournfully on the wreck of what was once so lovely—bent low, to kiss the cold and pallid lips—bent lower still; and in one long-drawn and gurgling sigh, breathed out his soul upon her who had been—his Mary—his darling—his LOST ONE!

J. M. L.

THE MANIAC.

But look! what fearful visitant is here,
That glides unbidden to th' accustomed seat,
And takes her station with bewildered air,
While sacred silence echoes to her feet?
'Tis the poor maniac, whose rebel spouse
Has paid the forfeit of a rebel's fate;
For thirty years, no husband, home, or house,
Or human comfort, has smiled o'er her state
A mindless wanderer, in the world alone,
And nothing upon earth to call her own.

Of late I marked her with majestic mein,
As if she would defy all nature's power,
Braving the pityless and pelting rain,
Nor shunned the thunder in its darkest hour.
An eye which never yields to feeling's flood,
Glazed into dryness from a withered breast,
A cheek which never owns the mantling blood—
Froze into deadness by misfortune's blast:
The stiff, stern, stillness of a wintry day,
Whose chill, dead gloom, no sun can smile away.

Again I've seen her, on a summer's morn,
Moving with heedless and unwearied pace;
By restless impulse ever onward borne,
And with no motive, only change of place.
I've offered charity, with greeting bland,
And courted reason in her ruined shrine;
But found the wilderness, which sorrow's hand
Did all to madness in her breast resign:
No word of greeting ever she returned,
Nor felt the sympathy which for her mourned.

Again I've seen her, at approaching eve,
Her morning steps by instinct back to trace,
As if she only lived and mov'd to grieve,
And have her being in the wreck of peace: